

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster: Including Notices and Biographical Memoirs of the Abbots and Deans of that Foundation. Illustrated by JOHN PRESTON NEALE. The whole of the Literary Department by EDWARD WEDLAKE BRAYLEY. 2 vols. Royal and Imperial 4to. pp. 604. London, 1818—1823.

It is an old remark, and none the worse for being so, since it is true, that works which could only be effected by the aid of governments in other countries, in England are begun and executed by individuals; and although we are not insensible of the advantage which the direct patronage or support of government can give in many cases, yet, in general, the result is the best, as it is certainly the most honorable, when it is accomplished without its interference.

In England, any project, whatever may be the expense, if at all feasible, soon meets with men and money to carry it into effect: as a proof of this we need not only look to our inland navigation, and to our roads and bridges. Waterloo Bridge alone is a proud monument of what individuals can effect without the aid of government. But to come more immediately to the subject, we may at once appeal to the numerous splendid works recently published, and now publishing in this country, to shew the spirit of our authors, artists, and booksellers, and the liberal patronage of the public. The different encyclopædias published in this country, some of them, we understand, at an expense of nearly £200,000, shew the enterprising spirit of our booksellers, nor are our authors less adventurous. We last week noticed the splendid work of Dr. Meyrick on Ancient Armour, and we have now to call the attention of our readers to one of a different character, but of more general interest,—a work which is a proud monument of the arts, and of the enterprising spirit of a British artist.

It is now, we believe, some six years

since Mr. Neale first commenced his 'Illustrations of the Abbey Church of Westminster'—'a structure alike venerable from its age, architecture, and sculpture.' We were then very much pleased, not only with the elegance of its graphic embellishments, but with the great research of the author, who, by great industry and a devotion to the subject, brought forward so much interesting information, which had escaped preceding writers. It has been a frequent objection to works of art, published periodically, that the latter numbers have not kept pace with the promises made in the outset; the contrary, however, is the case with Mr. Neale's 'Illustrations,' and we need only refer to the sixty-one beautiful engravings with which the work is embellished, to show that they have been decidedly improving from the commencement; the artist and the author seem to have acquired a growing enthusiasm as they proceeded, and been anxious that every part should surpass its predecessor. No expense appears to have been spared, to render this work not only the best history of Westminster Abbey extant, but the most splendid work on architectural or ecclesiastical antiquities. We understand that it has cost upwards of £9000; nor are we surprised at it, when the extreme beauty and delicacy of some of the plates are considered. Reserving our critical notice of the engravings for a future number, we cannot, however, omit noticing one plate, which, we believe, has been added to the first volume since it was published,—an instance of singular liberality on the part of Mr. Neale, who is the artist and proprietor. It is a view of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, showing the installation of the Knights of the Bath, in 1812, and is one of the most exquisite and delicate specimens of the art ever produced,—but of this, more hereafter; we shall, therefore, dismiss the graphic department for the present, by observing, that all the plates are engraved from drawings made and finished on the spot, by Mr. Neale, and that they are engraved by the brothers Le Keux, Sands, Smith,

Woolnoth, and other esteemed artists.

That there is no edifice in the kingdom which presents a more extensive field for historical research and graphic illustration than the Abbey Church of Westminster, Mr. Neale and Mr. Brayley have proved. In the description of the edifice, the author has entered very fully into the peculiarities of its style and arrangements, referring to the engravings in corroboration of his remarks. The historical part is carefully written from the most rare and authentic sources; the descriptions, both of the church and its monuments, have not been taken at second hand, but written from actual investigation—and hence will be found the correction of a mass of blunders, committed by the previous historians of this venerable pile. The inscriptions were all newly copied by Mr. Brayley, who says—'Not a single monument or grave-stone, either in the church or cloisters, on which the inscription is legible, has been passed unmentioned.' These have been carefully printed, and on many occasions types cast on purpose, in order to give a *fac simile* of the inscription. In the biographical and heraldic part, the utmost pains appears to have been taken: some account is given of every individual connected with the Abbey; and the arms—that stumbling block to previous historians, which Keepe did so erroneously, and Dart did not venture upon—are correctly blazoned.

As the greatest part of the first volume of this work has been before the public some years, and most of our readers may be in some degree acquainted with it, we shall not enter into any analysis, but merely observe that it contains a succinct history of the Abbey, from its first foundation to the present time—including memoirs of the several deans, and every point of interest connected with the subject. A brief chronological summary of the time of its erection and improvements, however, may serve as data to our readers.

The Abbey Church of Westminster was founded and the monastery built in

the reign of King Sebert, about the year 604. It was rebuilt and enlarged under the auspices of Edward the Confessor, between the years 1050 and 1065. The eastern part of the church, including the choir and transept, was rebuilt, 1269-1307; the eastern part of the naves and aisles between 1245 and 1307, in the reign of Henry III. and Edward I. The great cloister, abbot's house, and the principal monastic buildings were erected from 1307 to 1386; the western part of the nave and aisles rebuilt between 1340 and 1483. The west front and great window from 1483 to 1509. Henry the Seventh's Chapel was erected 1502, 1520. The great church window rebuilt and the western towers completed 1715, 1735; and the restoration of Henry the Seventh's chapel was commenced under the auspices of his late majesty, in July 1809. Without, for the present, standing upon the order of our proceeding, we shall dip into the middle of the second volume, where we find a very minute inquiry into the history of the famous coronation stone, of which notices have appeared in preceding volumes of *The Literary Chronicle*. After noticing the Scotch tradition that the race of the kings, though of legitimate descent, should fail to preserve regal power, unless in possession of this fatal stone, and quoting a variety of ancient authorities, Mr. Brayley has the following curious particulars on the subject:—

‘Nothing, indeed, can show the vast importance attached to the possession of this stone in a more forcible point of view than the circumstance of its having been made, not only the subject of an express article in a treaty of peace, but also of a political conference between Edward the Third and David the Second, king of Scotland.

‘For our knowledge of the first of these facts we are indebted to the industrious author of the “Introduction to the Calendars of Ancient Charters,” who discovered a writ of privy seal, dated at Bordesly, July 1st, 1328, (being shortly after the treaty with Scotland was signed,) and directed to the abbot and convent at Westminster, wherein the king, (Edward III.) after reciting that “his council had, in his parliament, held at Northampton, agreed that the stone whereupon the kings of Scotland used to sit at the time of their coronation, and which was then in the keeping of that abbot and convent should be sent to Scotland; and that he had ordered the sheriffs of London to receive the same from them by indenture, and cause it to be delivered to the queen mother;” he commands the abbot and convent “to deliver up the said stone to those sheriffs, as soon as they should come to them for that purpose.” Notwithstanding this command it is clear that the coronation

stone never was given up, although many ancient records, jewels, and monuments were actually delivered to the Scots, in pursuance of the treaty.

‘The eleventh head of the conference, held at London between Edward the Third and King David of Scotland, in the year 1363, is thus briefly detailed by Dalrymple: “The king, after having been crowned King of England, to come regularly to the kingdom of Scotland, and to be crowned king at Scone, in the royal chair, which is to be delivered empty to the English.—The ceremony of the coronation to be performed by persons whom the court of Rome shall depute for that purpose.” Even this agreement remained equally unfulfilled with the former one, and the stone was still permitted to retain its place in St. Edward's Chapel; and it has ever since remained there.’

‘The ancient prophetic distich relating to this stone is said to have been cut in, or engraven on it, by command of King Kenneth; but this, in all probability, is erroneous, as no trace of an inscription can be found. If the verse were really engraven by Kenneth's order, it is most likely to have been done, either on the wooden chair, wherein he originally had the stone inclosed (but not any remains of which are known to be preserved), or, as is more probable, on a metal-plate fastened to the upper surface of the stone: in which there is a rectangular groove, or indent, measuring fourteen inches by nine inches, and from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch in depth, as if purposely cut, or roughly chiseled out, for the fixing of the edge of such plate, either with cement or melted lead: there is likewise, at one corner, a small + slightly cut. Dalrymple has printed the inscription on a chronogram thus:—

nI faLLat fatuM sCotIqVoCVnque
LoCatVM

In VenIent LapIDeM regnare tenentVr
Ib IDeM

‘But there does not appear to be any ancient authority for this application of its meaning.—The verse itself may be translated as follows:—

‘Where'er this stone is found, or Fate's decree is vain,

The Scots the same shall hold, and there supremely reign.

‘This prophecy is reported to have reconciled many of the Scottish nation to the union with this country; and it is not undeserving of remark, that the prediction still continues to be fulfilled in that branch of the descendants of the Stuarts which is yet seated on the British throne.—That it was anciently held in the most signal repute is evident from Buchanan, who, in mentioning the spoils transported from Scotland by Edward the First, says, “he sent also to London an *unwrought marble stone*, wherein it was vulgarly reputed and believed that the destiny of the kingdom was contained.”

‘The connecting this stone with the name of the Patriarch Jacob was, most likely, a monkish invention, and not improbably had its origin in this abbey; since the most ancient document in which it was thus described

appears to have been a tablet that was formerly suspended over the chair, but which has long ago partaken of the same fate as all the other written memorials that were in the chapel.’

This venerable stone, which is of a sandy granular texture, like the stones brought from Dundee, is placed within the frame work of the chair, which is of oak, and still firm and sound, and was evidently made for the purpose of receiving this highly prized relic of ancient customs and sovereign power.

(To be continued.)

Tales of Humour, Gallantry, and Romance. Selected and Translated from the Italian. With Sixteen Illustrative Drawings, by George Cruikshank. 8vo. pp. 253. London, 1823.

THE embellishments to this volume will add nothing to the reputation of the artist; neither do we think that the publisher will find the present work so good a speculation as his ‘German Stories,’ to the success of which we impute the present undertaking. As for the anonymous party, *videlicet* the author, we would not offer him much for the reversion of the share of praise which will accrue to him for his portion in this performance,—for such uncouth, stiff, and barbarous language, greater insipidity and flatness, and a more ungrammatical construction of sentences, will not frequently be found even among those who are in the habit of translating or *doing* books from a foreign language, without being able to write their own. In this species of composition an attractive style is so indispensable, that unless a tale possesses this requisite, it is hardly preferable to an incident recorded in an old newspaper. Deprived of the naïve graces which distinguish some of those in the present collection, in their native idiom, these vapid, bald, and tasteless translations convey as little idea of the charm of the originals, as a skeleton, or a dead body, does of the living form, animated with beauty and intelligence. Such, indeed, is the carelessness with which the translator has performed his task, that, in stories supposed to be narrated in a party of friends, where allusions are made to a tale previously related by some other speaker, such passages have not been retrenched, although they cannot be understood without referring to the context of the work whence the story has been derived. Even the tales themselves do not appear to have been very happily selected. Several of them are little more than mere anecdotes, and as uninteresting and puerile

as can well be conceived; for what might not be an unbecoming simplicity in the original is here rendered absolute childishness. Among these, we must place 'Antonio and Veronica,' 'The Unexpected Reply' and the 'Fatal Mistake,' the last of which reads as much like a paragraph out of an old newspaper or magazine as we could possibly desire. Most of the other stories are well known: the 'Dead Rider' is the same tale as that told with so much humour in Colman's 'Broad Grins;' 'Who am I?' is 'Il Grasso Legnaiuolo,' and to be found in Nardini's 'Novelle Antiche,' a little volume much read, we presume, in this country by most students of the Italian language. The same remark applies to the 'Merchant of Venice;' and the 'Sleeping Draught' is very similar to the principal incident of Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet.' Lest we should be deemed unjustly severe, we will now exhibit some of those glaring errors of style and taste which occur in almost every page of this delectable work, which, to say the truth, seems to be the performance of some student, who, while translating from Italian novelists, by way of improving himself in the language, has, unfortunately, sent his manuscript exercises to the printer's. Of one gentleman, we are informed, that he was a 'doctor in law;' of another, that he was a 'chief justice;' but the climax of this species of absurd blundering is contained in the following sentence, 'Fear not, good Mrs. Santa!' This single trait is sufficient to show how admirably competent such a writer is to the task of copying the style of the older Italian novelists. As examples of the general elegance, terseness, and fluency of the translator's style and his grammatical correctness, we submit the following specimens:—'By her he had three sons, and a daughter, who, in due time, was married in Pisa; the eldest son was likewise married, the younger one was at school; the middle one, whose name was Lazarus, although great sums had been spent upon his education, *made nothing of it.*'—'A party of young men being at supper, one Sunday, in the city of Florence, at a gentleman's house, whose name was Tommaso de Pecori, a respectable, honourable, and good-humoured man, who delighted in pleasant society.' And this, reader, is the whole of the period:—admirable grammarian!—'My master, madam, *begs* his most dutiful respects to you, and entreats you to give [him] a little of your finest flour to make *hosts* with!' This

is admirably facetious! We have here a gentleman who begs his own respects, and who makes hosts out of flour.—'No sooner did the dawn appear than he rose and went to the church of St. Catherine, where a devout and worthy pastor dwelt, *and* who was considered by all the *Pisanians* as a *little saint.*'—'The gods receive alike the prayers of the just as well as [of] the wicked.' In this sentence the just and the wicked seem rather oddly to have changed places. The following example of the figure pleonasm is very elegant. 'Go to her, and say to her, that I certainly will give it to her;' nor is there, perhaps, less ease and *naïveté* in this expression: 'Nature had certainly endowed him with great strength of body, but had left his *upper rooms* totally unfurnished.' But we scarcely know whether we do not prefer the felicitous contorsion and novel idiom of this sentence: 'There lived, at Salerno, a nobleman of the name of Marino, who had *from* his lady, Plasida by name, one only son.'—'All those that were anxious to obtain her, came forth with different devices, and began to *thump at one another most gloriously.*' Some persons may, perhaps, think that this is not expressed so loftily as it might have been, but still we admire its plain unadorned energy.

One of the stories begins thus: 'I remember having heard my old uncle relate:' now we should be glad to be informed to whom this said old uncle belongs.—'He determined to heap upon her new *injuries:*'—here the word injuries should undoubtedly be insults [ingiurie]. Of that elegant fluency for which this book is remarkable, the following is an example:—'Bacciuolo willingly agreed to the proposal, and promised to wait for him. Bacciuolo, in order not to lose his time, &c.' Instead of the period after 'him,' and the second 'Bacciuolo,' we should have substituted a comma followed by 'and.' We have been so much occupied with the merits of the translation, that we have really no space for extracts: besides, we must, before we conclude, say a few words to Mr. G. Cruikshank. We have already given it as our opinion, that what he has here done will not add to his reputation. In fact, there is little of that whim which, rather than humour, distinguished his etchings to the 'German Popular Stories.' The vignettes in the present volume are still more slight, and are negligent in the drawing, to an unpardonable degree. We would caution the artist against a mistake which has so often proved fatal to those of his

class,—that, because spirited sketches often betray precipitancy and inaccuracy, the former is the concomitant of the latter. And they thus very illogically infer, that the more careless the outline, the more spirited the design. To what an unfortunate degree Mr. C. has fallen into this perverse notion will, we think, be apparent to any one who looks at the cut opposite page 235, representing Marriotto forcing open Giannozza's tomb; where the figure of the sexton with his lanthorn, in the background, is the most miserable scrawl we ever beheld:—perhaps the artist intended it to be very ludicrous. There is, indeed, in almost every one of these subjects, an affectation of coarseness and slovenliness, that certainly does not enhance their merit in our eyes. A few random scratches are frequently made to indicate a window, or some other object in the back-ground. As for that peculiar humour and cleverness, for which this artist has been often so deservedly praised, we perceive nothing of it in these 'illustrative drawings,' as these cuts are somewhat affectedly denominated. Its external appearance is, indeed, the only thing on which we can compliment this volume, of which, we regret, that the contents should so ill accord with the elegant manner in which it is got up. In this respect it is creditable to the publisher; but, with regard to its literary merits, a more notable piece of book-making we have seldom witnessed.

The Fall of Constantinople; a Poem. With a Preface, animadverting in Detail on the Unprecedented Conduct of the Royal Society of Literature. To which are added, Parga, and other Poems. By JACOB JONES, JUN., Of the Inner Temple, and late of Brasenose College, Oxford, 8vo. pp. 156. London, 1823.

UNTIL we saw Mr. Jones's volume, we really thought the Royal Society of Literature so harmless, that it could not by any possibility have given offence to any one. It is true that when it was announced, the 'Morning Chronicle' and one or two other journals took the alarm, and suspected that it was intended as a covert inroad on the constitution; but they soon discovered that no danger was to be apprehended from it, and they have long ago ceased to do any thing but laugh at the 'Royal Society of Literature.' The editor of another journal, the 'New Monthly Magazine,' has in his last number inserted a good natured but satirical 'first' let-

ter to this society, pointing out the avocation most proper for its attention,—that of regulating the English language, and determining whether footmen are to announce at our routs, 'Mr. and Mrs. Foot and the Miss Feet,' or whether 'the daughters of Mr. Peacock are not to be called Misses Peachicks,' &c. We have heard, but we do not pledge ourselves to the truth of the report, that more than one of the learned Thebans are at present engaged in researches to discover the authorship of our nursery literature, which is to be reprinted in folio (bound in calf of course, but not lettered) with notes, and that 'the Life and Death of Cock-robin,' 'Little Bo-peep,' and 'Jack and the Bean Stalk,' are already in the hands of one of our best printers, and will be published on all-fools day, vulgarly called the first of April.

But to beserious,—for Mr. Jones really brings a serious charge against this redoubtable society. In our last number but one, we noticed Mr. Jones's charge very briefly, and should scarcely have recurred to the subject at present, had it not been to correct an error into which we fell. We stated that the society, after offering premiums, of one hundred, and fifty guineas each, withdrew them, and substituted medals; but we now find that no premiums whatever are to be given, and that Mrs. Hemans is to enjoy the only prize, for her poem on Dartmoor; and, truly, any person who undertook to write on such a subject is entitled to all the honours the 'Royal Society of Literature' can bestow. In speaking thus contemptuously of the society, we do not allude to the members personally,—we care not for their being reformed radicals, newspaper reporters, or merchants' clerks, and should have suffered them to remain in their obscurity, had they not impudently assumed so dictatorial a tone, and proved themselves totally incapable of either carrying their own plans into effect, or forming others calculated to render the least service to literature.

The case of Jones *versus* the 'Royal Society of Literature' is a very simple one. The latter offer premiums for the best poem and the best essay, on subjects which they name; several candidates enter the lists, all are rejected, and the prizes withdrawn.—We do not know how far an action at law would lay against them for such conduct, but we are sure if it was left to the committee at the Stock Exchange, or to the Jockey Club, the 'Royal Society of Literature,' would never be able to appear in Ca-

pel Court or at Tattersal's, without discovering that kicking 'is a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance,' while a country magistrate would be inclined to send them to the tread-mill. Mr. Jones was so convinced of the baseness of conduct in the 'Royal Society of Literature,' that on finding his papers restored, and the prizes not adjudged, he applied to an eminent chamber-counsel for his opinion, whether or not the society had involved itself in an actionable fraud.

'That it had done so,' says Mr. Jones, 'was the prevailing persuasion of all my friends to whom the affair was known. Let the answer I received go forth to the utter confusion of this delinquent society. "Such is the state of the English law, that there are many rights without remedies; now as this agreement was a *nudum pactum*, the violation of it is not an actionable fraud. In equity and natural justice, however, the transaction is a swindling transaction."

Mr. Jones's counsel speaks strongly, but not very intelligibly. We presume he means there are wrongs without remedies, instead of rights: but, we confess, we are at a loss to understand the last tautological paragraph; for we always thought that a swindling transaction was an indictable fraud, and that there was scarcely a session passed in London, without some individual being prosecuted for it. That Mr. Jones feels and writes strongly on the conduct of the 'Royal Society of Literature,' is evident. An author scorned is nearly as vindictive as a woman, and he has just cause of complaint. But who formed this self-elected junto, that arrogate to themselves the power to dispense with the obligations and courtesies, which are binding on society generally? What have they done that they should usurp the power of treating with contempt a host of authors, much their superiors, who, by false promises, devoted their talent and entered the lists to win the promised prize. Pope says.—

'Let those teach others who themselves excel,
And learn to censure, who have written well.'
Happily for Mr. Jones and the other unsuccessful candidates, the society has exhibited itself on paper, and we shall let our readers see what a figure it makes. The following passages, quoted by Mr. Jones, are culled from a manifesto of the 'Royal Society of Literature,' dated May 16, 1823:—

'The mercantile press is incessantly at work, to pour out innumerable productions

suited to the general appetite, and mercantile criticism pursues those works,' &c.

'The Royal Society of Literature for the advancement of general literature.

'When the French Academy was projected, its primary objects were to purify and fix their native language.

'The society are quite aware, that the great objects of their institution cannot be attained without adequate exertions on their part to establish a character, and to win the esteem and regard of the public, without yielding to its prejudices; unless such exertions are made, it must necessarily fall of its own imbecility!'

How the society will meet the charges made against them by Mr. Jones, and meet them they must, we know not. He accuses them of having 'robbed' him of the chance of two prizes—of practising an 'impudent cheat' upon the literary public—of 'the perpetration' of 'an inhuman and public fraud'—of having 'committed literary treason against the sovereign! after having associated his name with doings that have called down the indignation, contempt, and derision of the nation.' With this load of guilt on their shoulders, we should bid adieu for the present to the 'Royal Society of Literature;' but that we have a few more last words on the first and chief ostensible object of the society,—which has been so singularly abandoned,—that of offering prizes for poems and essays.

We are of opinion, that literature, in this country, meets with ample encouragement, and that a really good book, on any subject, will not fail of gaining the best of patrons—the public. The sapient gentlemen of the 'Royal Society of Literature,' however, seem to think that the breed of authors may be improved, like that of cattle, by premiums, and that, with offering a due incentive, the cultivation of genius may be improved like that of fruits or vegetables. Experience might have taught them better.

Even at the universities, where there is a much higher stimulus than that of pecuniary reward, how few prize poems have ever been worth printing; but the fact is, that the school-boy task of writing on a given subject, within a given time, rather cramps genius than aids it, and we appeal to the annals of our universities for the truth of the remark. Mr. Heber's prize poems may, perhaps, form an exception—but it is the only one.

Mr. Jones's poem, on the 'Fall of Constantinople,' is a highly creditable effort, and we think fully equal to Mrs. Hemans's 'Dartmoor,' to which the only premium the Royal Society of Li-

terature ever awarded was given. Mr. Jones narrates the principal events in the 'Fall of Constantinople' very clearly, but he fails in making them glow with that interest which Gibbon does in prose. The author observes, truly, that historical fidelity and historical detail are not easily combined with poetic inspiration; but he is rather successful in surmounting this difficulty. The poem of the 'Fall of Constantinople' has all the marks of a hasty composition, and is wanting in that polish which the beauty of some of the passages prove the author capable of giving it. The circumstances under which it was written, and the fact that Mr. Jones has sent it to the public as he sent it to the society, without altering more than a couplet, ought to be an apology. One passage, which though perhaps not the best in the poem, will be sufficient to show, that Mr. Jones was entitled to more respect from the society than he received:—

'Hark to those shouts!—What myriads line the coasts;
Each adverse shore its anxious gazers boasts:—
E'en the fair city breathless seems to wait,
An ocean queen, in all her ocean state:
Wide, at her feet, the blue expanse lies spread,
Blue is the canopy above her head;
Lo! marble roofs, in dazzling white array'd,
Glow with the contrast of the cypress shade;
Rank above rank, in gorgeous piles, extend,
And in one coronal of beauty blend.—
In crescent-form the navy rides the straits,
Stretch'd all across, and calm th' encounter waits.
With press of sail the christian aids advance,
Five gallant ships; the eddying waters dance.
In glorious trim, exulting, they combine,
And, with glad cries, bear down upon the line.
As, when a war-horse, from his rider freed,
Affrighted, plunges o'er the plain at speed;
Should in his way some hapless wight be found,
Dash'd 'neath his hoofs he gasps upon the ground.
Thus, through the foam, surpassing fleet, they go,
Tug at their oars, and plunge upon the foe.

'Shout as ye may, your clamors nought avail,
Nor can reproaches make your friends prevail;
Leaking, their galliots founder in the fray,
Or sore-disabled incommode the way.—
Can'st thou, infuriate prince, the day decide,
'Spurring thy courser madly in the tide?
High raise thy voice:—'tis drown'd amid the roar!
Shake thy clench'd hand:—thick smoke obscures the shore!

'One effort yet, the worsted Moslems make,
Bloody and long, for fearful is the stake.
See, see they strive th' imperial ship to board;
On their rash heads the liquid fire is pour'd:—
Aghast, their shrieks the mangled wretches join,
While corpses, seething, drop into the brine.

'Enough! no more th' exhorting cheers excite
The crippled vessels bear away in flight:—

The morning light three hundred sail disclos'd,
With twenty gallies in the van dispos'd:
Such was their strength: but e'er the day was done,
Five gallant christian ships the battle fought, and won.

The remaining poems in the volume are very properly called miscellaneous: they are on a great variety of subjects, and possess various degrees of merit. Parga, an unfinished poem, is the longest, and one of the best. Several are on classical and others on popular subjects. Thus we have poems on the 'Temple of Diana' and the 'Tread-mill;' on 'Palmyra' and 'Hastings;' the 'Iphigenia of Timanthes' and the 'Radical.' We select one, in conclusion, on another subject:—

'TO LIEUTENANT H. MACKWORTH,
'Of his Majesty's ship Brazen, who, by jumping overboard at a desperate risk, succeeded in saving the life of a seaman on the point of drowning. The captain and crew shed tears on his bringing the poor fellow upon deck, but were unable to utter a word.

'They shall not die, who dare to do
Heroic deeds; and this was one
That forc'd the tear-drop from the few
Who saw the feat of glory done.

'Though few were by, though few could weep,
What time thou saw'st him in the wave,
And plunging in the ravening deep,
The sinking man thou dared'st to save.

'Yet more have heard, and more have wept,
Than thou caus't ever know, beneath;
Thy deed is chronicled, and kept,
To form thy fame's perennial wreath.

'The tear that lovely woman gives,
Is oft the passport to a smile,
And, born of nothing, scarce outlives
The sigh, that 'scap'd her lips the while.

'When British tars bestow a tear,
'Tis valour's fall, or beauty's woe,
Or deed of mercy, doubly dear,
That bids the precious drop to flow.

'Such drops are thine, thy honest prize,
The jewels of thy future crown,
Which God will grant thee in the skies,
While angels write its record down!

Notes are added to nearly all the poems, even to that on the 'Tread-mill,' which Mr. Jones opposes with all his force; but these we have neither time nor space to notice, for both admonish us to take our leave of Mr. Jones, the 'Royal Society of Literature,' and the Tread-mill.

Hauberk Hall: a Series of Facts. By HENRY BREBNER. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 571. London, 1823.

If we thought Pierce Egan could write at all, we should have suspected him to be the author of this compound of slang, vulgarity, and indecency; but we are assured that Egan disavows it, and when taxed as the author exchanges cards and talks of slugs in a saw-pit; and yet respectable booksellers put their names to this compound of stupidity, vulgarity, and obscenity.

A Monitor to Families; or Discourses on some of the Duties and Scenes of Domestic Life. By HENRY BELFRAGE, Minister of the Gospel, Falkirk. Post 8vo. pp. 454. Edinburgh and London, 1823.

THE critical field of religion and politics is sufficiently occupied in the present age to render it quite unnecessary that we should quit our more immediate province in order to encroach upon it; there are, however, occasions in which we think it our duty to notice a work purely religious, and the 'Monitor to Families' furnishes one; for we have seldom seen the beauties of Christianity and the graces of literature so happily combined as in this volume. No father or husband, whose house is really a home to him, but must feel that a work inculcating the religious duties, and painting the scenes of domestic life, must be a valuable volume; and when done with the ability displayed by Mr. Belfrage, who is a Christian and a scholar, it cannot fail of proving very acceptable to all families where morality is considered as a duty or an advantage.

London and Paris; or, Comparative Sketches. By the MARQUIS DE VERMONT, and SIR CHARLES DARNLY, BART. 8vo. pp. 293. London, 1823.

THIS work furnishes an instance that conception and execution are very different things. The idea of viewing London and Paris in comparison and contrast is good, but the author is not sufficiently acquainted with either capital to describe its peculiarities, much less to draw the comparison between them. The author is a great plagiarist, and the mask of a Frenchman in one half of the work, does not fit him well.

The Temple of Truth: an Allegorical Poem. By the Author of 'Village Conversations,' &c. 8vo. pp. 99. London, 1823.

MRS. or MISS RENOU, for we will not wrong her intentionally, is more of a philosopher than a poet; the restraint of verse is unfitted for the literary and scientific truths she wishes to make known, and the 'Temple of Truth' should have been in prose; not that we mean to deny this lady a certain degree of poetical talent, but her attainments are evidently more those of science than of imagination, and we wish her not to quit a field in which she would perhaps be without a competitor of her sex, for one in which she meets with rivals at every step.

St. Johnstoun; or, John Earl of Gowrie.
(Concluded from p. 741.)

WE make no doubt that the scene we have already given from this novel has prepossessed our readers in its favour; and indeed we might almost forbear to make further extracts, as we think there are few who will not peruse these volumes, which we may safely predict will attain a high degree of popularity. One of the most striking episodal passages in the whole work is that where the author gives us a picture of a festival, at which 'Shakspeare's Midsummer's Night Dream' is performed in the park, in the presence of the court and a numerous assemblage of the citizens.—The entertainment is suddenly interrupted, by an incident of which the author has availed himself, with admirable skill, in delineating the character of James, which he has worked up with a most powerful dramatic effect.—In old Euphan there are, perhaps, many traits which may be recognized as belonging to some of those fine characters so exquisitely conceived and embodied by the 'Wizard Scot;' yet there are touches which belong exclusively to this aged female misanthrope, whose heart has been chilled towards all her species by oppression and misfortune. The moral energy and grandeur displayed by this insulted being, and the fine contrast between her helplessness, her undaunted demeanour, and the monarch reproved in the midst of his high state, are at once pathetic and sublime.

'When the first act concluded, and the players retired to the tiring-room, the multitude began to regale themselves with such luxuries as, in this holiday time, they had provided; and many were those who, like the squire of La Mancha, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, while the bottoms of their ale or wine-flasks were uppermost. Nor was this most delectable amusement confined to the lower class of the audience; for a page approached his majesty with a cup of wine, which he, graciously receiving, raised to his lips, and appeared to kiss the goblet with as much fervour as any of his plebeian subjects, applying to it again and again, until the players returned, habited as fairies, and the pastime proceeded, and continued to amuse the spectators more and more as it drew towards a close. Shouts of applause attended the appearance of him who represented the lion, and who, clad in a skin of that lordly animal, came ambling through the trees, accompanied by moonshine. They had scarce appeared, however, and given time for this expression of pleasure in the multitude to subside, when a confused and tumultuous noise was heard in the direction of the craigs, while loud vociferations of—"To the play-field with

her!—to the king with the witch!" resounded through the air, as those who uttered them approached nearer and nearer. The attention of the crowd, which had been exclusively fastened on the actors, was now transferred to the authors of this tumult. His majesty rose from his seat, and walked forward to the front of the platform, where he perceived a number of people bearing, as in triumph, a woman seated in an arm-chair, with whom they were endeavouring to force their way into the area occupied by the players. James, one of whose principal weaknesses, it is well known, was a firm belief in witchcraft, and who had a peculiar delight in examining those accused of that crime, gave orders, in a loud voice, that the people who carried the woman should be allowed to pass with her and her accusers into the open space, and directed them forward immediately in front of his person. There they placed the chair in which the woman sat, and dragging forward a dead mastiff, by a rope fastened round his neck, laid him at her side. For some moments, with looks of mingled rage and anguish, she continued to regard the animal, that, bloody and mangled, with his eyes open and turned up toward her face, still shewed his teeth, as if grinning defiance on her enemies.

'There was, as we have before remarked, at all times something uncommon in the appearance of old Euphan; but now, seated in the midst of an assembled multitude, all of whom she considered her adversaries, her keen black eyes flashed fire, as she turned their glance of inexpressible scorn on all sides of her, and sat erect, as if feeling herself superior to all she looked upon. There was so striking an impression of fearlessness and contempt of worldly authority stamped upon her pallid countenance, that it was impossible not to experience a degree of awe in contemplating it, as the expression of one who had survived all hope and fear. The king began to bend his attention on the old woman with a peculiar animation in his manner and countenance, which told that he was now employed according to his heart's content.

"Let this woman's accusers stand forth!" said James.

"Please your majesty," said a man, who directly answered to the summons, and who, from his dwarfish and elfish appearance, and the fiendish glee that seemed to possess him, might himself have been mistaken for an agent of the evil one,—"Please your majesty, this same auld beldame is ane o' the most pestilent witches that ever cast her cantrips ower a country-side. Lang and sair hae the people and cattle suffered for mony a mile round, frae divers strange diseases, but the ill-doer was ne'er found out or yesterday, when a callant cam to my house, and tell't me and my niebours, that, living at Musselburgh, and rising with the gray dawn, about his maister's wark, ae morning, he had nae sooner opened the door to issue furth, than he spied a mawkin rinnin awae frae it, whan, thinkin to fell her, he cast a stane after her, and brak ane o' her legs;

but she still ran on, hirpling on the tither three; and though he made up wi' her nows and than, she aye jinked him at some odd corner; but he fallowed, and she led him through breers and through whuns, till at the last she led him up the gully yonder, whare he lost her. But now comes the clearest pruif that was e'er gien your majesty anent a witch; for what does he find out, but that this auld brimstane, whae has a house up there, has broken her leg, naebody kend how but hersel. Sae a' body may ken, please your majesty, wha the mawkin was, I trow!—Look," said he, "as her leg is wound about wi' duds!"—and he went up to her, and placing a stick which he held in his hand under her ankle, forced it out into notice.

'An involuntary cry of agony escaped the wretched woman at this inhuman outrage, and deep muttered curses trembled on her lips.

"Are there nae mair witnesses against her than this man?" said the king.—"Gif there be, let them speak, that we may judge righteous judgment; for, though the evidence o' this man seemeth very clear, we wad fain examine mair deeply; and mair especially, we desire to hear the testimony o' that same callant o' whom he speaketh; for, being gifted by the grace o' God wi' discernment in thae matters, we will sift this to the bottom."

'At this instant there pressed forward not less than twenty people, all eager to speak; but the boy was no where to be seen.

"Mak peace!" cried his majesty, "we will hear that little auld woman in front first—stand back, and let her say what she kens anent this matter!"

'An old woman, the picture of squalid wretchedness and dirt, now came forward, and dropping a low reverence, was about to speak, when our host of Loretto burst through the crowd, and, covered with dust and perspiration, made his way past her, and stood directly before his majesty.

"I maist humbly crave your gracious majesty's pardon," said he, in a voice interrupted by his want of breath, while, with the end of his clerical band, as being most convenient, he wiped off the drops that trickled to his chin,—"I maist humbly crave your majesty's maist gracious pardon for appearing thus forfeughen before the Lord's anointed;—especially seeing, although I had come in my best guise, as was fitting, still it is written, 'Put not forth thyself in the presence of the king.'—But nevertheless, it being also written, that 'It is the honour of kings to search out a matter,' it surely becometh his faithful subjects to assist him therein. Therefore, most high and mighty prince, be pleased to hearken unto the voice of one of the lowliest, but most faithful of thy people. Be it known unto your majesty, that in coming hither, I met with an imp of the devil, whom I believe to be the false witness against this poor woman, that the misguided wrath of he multitude hath arraigned before thee, O king.—If I have, therefore, your ma-

jesty's permission, I will proceed with mine evidence."

"Here, bending his body toward the king, he waited his reply, and was ordered by him to proceed."

"As I said, then," he resumed, "please your highness, I encountered, in coming here, an infernal young incubus, who was unquhille an inmate of my domicile, and, from bad practices, about to be expelled therefrom, when his father the devil delivered him out of my lock-fast keeping, as he hath even now delivered him from my grip, leaving nought in my hand save this his doublet."—And he drew from under his arm a greasy leathern jacket, which he exhibited in his hands, and which had whilom incased the body of the boy, but which he had maliciously and cunningly left, in place of himself, in the hands of Macsticket, by dexterously slipping his arms out of it while held by the collar. "Now this being so," he continued, "and learning that this woman is here upon his instigation, I do misdoubt me that he hath deceived the people. But, if I am wrang in your majesty's eyes, I humbly crave your forgiveness."

"Nae," said the king, "ye hae acted like an honest man; nevertheless, we opine that ye hae not spoken to the point anent this matter; and," continued James, unwilling to give up an examination in which he imagined his wisdom would shine so conspicuously, "as there are mony witnesses present again' her, we shall examine according to that measure o' discernment whilk hath been heretofore granted unto us."

"Our host having performed another low obeisance, was about to retire."

"Stop, man!" said the king; "your garments bespeak ye a member o' the kirk, I pray ye, how happeneth it that ye hae ventured to approach this spot, unhallowed by a divertisement, against whilk the anathemas of your brethren hae been sae rigorously launched?"

"Macsticket, who possessed no small share of discernment in aught that concerned his temporal welfare, immediately determined to turn to the best account the incident which had thus brought him before majesty; and, maugre his having come to Edinburgh on the report of the intended scene in the park, that he might exhort the refractory of his own congregation, he now bethought himself of some scriptural precepts to his purpose, and delivered them with an appearance of readiness, which gave every mark of sincerity to his words."

"Maist high and mighty prince," said he, in answer to the question of the king, "under whom thy people enjoy all christian liberty of studying the true Evangel, I opine that they consult it to small purpose, who set up their opinions against your majesty's, and forget that it sayeth, 'A divine sentence is in the lips of the king, his mouth transgresseth not in judgment.'—And again, 'Whoso provoketh the king, sinneth against his own soul.'"

"Pleased with doctrine so congenial to his own ideas, and differing so widely from that held by the bulk of the clergy, James

turned with a sort of chuckle toward the Duke of Lennox, who stood near him, and said, "This is a shrewd fellow, i' faith, Lennox, and hath, methinks, studied his Bible to some purpose." And, turning again to our host,—"Tell me, man," said he, "what is thy name, and the place o' thy ministry?"

"My name, and please your highness, is Macsticket, and I minister in spiritual things to the ancient and respectable corporation of fleshers in your majesty's metropolis."

"Weel," returned the king, "thy dutifulness hath pleased us withal, and we will bethink us o' somewhat to thy advantage.—Bide now, and let us hear what this little auld woman hath to say in evidence."

"The woman again advanced, and told her story to the king, in language such as she was accustomed to use, mixed with the application of a title which she supposed the due of him, who, since the pope was put down, must be the greater man."

"Please your holiness," said she, "I live but and ben wi' Saunders Macshane, whose lassie aye serves that auld kimmer wi' a soup milk ilka mornin'; sae ae mornin' Saunders' cow pat her fit i' the cog, and skailed the milk; for she's a thrawn limmer, as e'er your holiness kenn'd. Weel, in comes the lassie, and she wad hae me to gie her a soup for the auld kimmer; but mine was setten by, an' I wadna break it: but an I had kenned, she should hae had it a';—for ye see, please ye, twa days hadna gane by, whan my cow took a dwinning, and sae it cam into my head that she was witched; and some o' the neibours persuaded me to hang the gudeman's breeks on her horns, ower her head, (an approved recipe of the period,) and baste her out o' the byre wi' a muckle rung, upon a Friday morning, and they said she behoved to gang straight to the door o' them that witched her; sae I did it, and she made for the park here; and when she cam to the wa', she aye breasted at it, and minted at it wi' her horns, because she couldna won through to that wife's house; and while she drave at the wa', she rave the breeks a' to pieces, and blawed like a pair o' smiddy-bellows, and though we got her turned back, she fell down and deed or ever she wan hame; and we neer durst say wha it was that witched her; but, now the randy's ta'en haud o', ilk ane may speak again' her; for it's weel kenn'd that ye are a righteous king, please your holiness, whae specially minds that ane o' the ten commandments that says, 'Ye shanna suffer a witch to live;' and that the lunt o' a bleezing witch is as pleasant to your sight, as a hale army o' sodgers was to your forbears."

"It is more than probable that his majesty did not feel any particular satisfaction in this public rehearsal of his virtues; for he instantly silenced the speaker, and commanded, with a frown, and a voice of impatience, that those who were rushing forward with their testimony should stand back while he examined the accused."

"Those who had been so anxious to testify against her, who was now become the

object of public reprobation, awed by the king's command, and his irritated manner, precipitately retreated among the crowd."

"Speak woman!" said his majesty, addressing Euphan; "what hae ye to say—for there is strang evidence again' ye?"

"Euphan fixed her eyes steadily and sternly on the king;—for, harassed and menaced, tormented by pain, and baited by the rabble, she had become more than usually careless of life.—"Make ready," she said, "your torments, for I shall say nought in my defence; prepare your manacles and ropes, your boots, your carpie-claws, and pliniwinks, and then your stakes and faggots!—I have already been tried in the furnace seven times heated, and if I am now to ascend as a burnt-offering, what matters it?—I shall soon be beyond the reach of a world I hate, and of a prince, whose weakness I despise!"

"What say ye, wretched hag?" said the king, kindling into anger; "we shall incontinent put to the proof thae vaunts, gif ye hae not somewhat to allege whilk may prove your innocence o' the foul crime laid to your charge; and it is o' our great mercy and graciousness that ye are now permitted to testify in your ain behalf, seeing that your speech hath already been that for whilk a less patient sovereign had alane condemned ye."

"I have already said," replied she, "that I have nought to urge in my defence.—If ye are indeed so besotted as to believe that a poor crushed worm like me can do the things which these people have spoken, all I could say of mine innocence would not avail me;—for I have not forgotten that ye brought to a wretched death man and woman, high and low, because when ye sailed for Denmark there was not a smooth sea, a summer sky, and soft winds, at a season when tempests were natural. Think ye then that I expect mercy at your hands?—Na! I have not forgotten that ye condemned to the burning alive my benefactress, that honourable and good lady, the daughter of your faithful servant Lord Cliftonhall.—Ye cannot torture me as ye did her, for I have no children to leave motherless—no husband to wail for me!—Na, na!" said she, overcome by her recollections, and pressing her shrivelled hands against her bosom with the intensity of despair, while her countenance lost for a while its character of high daring, and assumed a subdued look of unutterable anguish,—"they are all lost forever, as an arrow, which parteth the air, and leaveth no trace behind, but nevertheless sticketh deep in the breast that it pierceth.—The bitterness of death is past, therefore do your pleasure, but let it be done quickly—I have nought to confess. There lies the last memorial of husband and children," she continued, looking on the dog at her side; "poor old brute!—that was the play-fellow of my weans, and the guard of my lonely state!—I put more respect upon thy dead carcase, than on king, and court, and people to boot!"

"She ceased, and there was a dead silence; for king and people were spell-

bound by her reckless audacity. Presently recovering her erect mien, and again turning her regards on the king, in which the utmost indignation was expressed, she continued—

“Said I that I had nought to confess?—How could I forget to tell, that I hold the same faith with your martyred mother!—I am a Papist!—this of itself is enough to condemn me—is it not?”—

Here she was interrupted by loud cries from the multitude, of—“Away with her!—burn the Papist witch!” But as soon as this noise subsided, she went on.

“Dear sainted queen?” she cried, lifting her hands above her head, and turning up her eyes to heaven, “thou too didst suffer the persecution of the enemies of our faith, and what am I, that thy son should spare me, who lacked courage and a heart to save his mother?”

His majesty’s anger now became perfectly ungovernable.—“Let the officers of justice be called!” he cried, in a voice choked with rage, “and let this damned witch be strictly confined, till she undergo the sentence of the law!”

The crowd was now seen parting in different directions, to allow several men to pass through, who were about to hear her off, when she assumed a tone and look of authority, which, savage as they were, they instantly obeyed. While putting them back with her left hand, she drew from her bosom with the right a small leathern bag, and, addressing his majesty, she said—

“This contains what I must soon relinquish; I will therefore bestow it on you, though, in so doing, I give to your neglect that which I have all but worshipped.”

Strong curiosity now possessed the lookers on to see what the bag contained. Taking from it a small parcel, she unfolded three separate papers, and keeping their mysterious contents in the hollow of her hand, she laid it on her breast, and closed her eyes, while all the fervour of mental prayer quivered on her lips. She next raised it, and imprinted on it a fervent kiss, and then shaking it out to its full length, gave to the action of the breeze a long lock of silver hair, which, toward the end where it had been cut from the head, was strongly matted together with blood.

“Behold,” she cried, “this hair, false prince! which your conduct clothed with the snows of winter ere yet the autumn of her beauty had arrived! and behold the sacred blood in which it is steeped—it is that of her who gave you being!”

“The woman raves—she is horn wud!” cried the king—“awa wi’ her! Will ye stand there hearkening til a mad woman, whan I command ye to take her awa?”

The men again approached her, and she stretched out her right hand, from which the long hair streamed like a pennon, while the strong tones of her voice were distinctly heard by all.

“I am a dying woman, and, as I hope for salvation through the Son of the Holy Virgin, and as this is a symbol of that cross on which he suffered,” she said, making the

sign upon her breast, “I swear that this hair which I now hold in my hand was cut from the head of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, after that head was severed from the body by the accursed axe?”

Conviction was forced upon James, in spite of the prejudice which he had conceived against the unhappy woman.

“And how cam into your possession sic a relic?—If that be in sooth the hair o’ my parent, it maun furnish a proof o’ what is allegit against ye, for it could only hae been obtained by thy dealings wi’ Satan, sac strictly was the bearing away o’ any memorial guarded against.—How then say ye did it come into your possession?”

“Misbelieving prince!” she resumed, in a voice of anger—“it was given me by one on whom I had some claim. I was the foster-mother of Mistress Jean Kennedy, afterwards the wife of the master of your household, Sir Andrew Melville, that was drowned, as ye weel ken, in crossing from Bruntisland, and was, as ye also know, the queen’s faithful attendant, even in the last bloody scene of her murder. This hair was part of what she procured from the surgeon appointed to embalm the body, under promise of secrecy, and under such promise did I receive it; for Mistress Kennedy well knew that she could not bestow on me that which I would value as much, although she had given me houses and land, gold and jewels.”

“Send here that braid of hair—ower valuable a relic to be possessed by sic as ye!” said James, at the same time sending the Master of Ruthven to receive it from her, who had no sooner reached the place where she sat, than, folding it up once more, she placed her hand over it on her breast.

“Who are you, young man,” she said, “to whom I am ordered to surrender my last earthly treasure?—methinks I would fain know to whose hand I give it?”

The master had stretched forth his hand to receive the braid, but now withdrew it, and was about to speak, when one of the men who stood by the chair of old Euphan, provoked by her want of respect for his majesty, and at this abrupt question, addressed to one of a family so highly honoured by the people, seized her by the shoulder, and gave her a shake—“What, brimstone!” said he, “do ye question the Master o’ Ruthven, as though he were ane o’ your ain degree?”

“Desist, fellow!” interposed the master; “lay no hand on the unfortunate woman!—It is the king’s pleasure, old mother,” he continued, “that you deliver to me the hair which you hold in your hand.” And he again made a motion to receive it.

She eyed him from head to foot—“Na, na,” said Euphan, still keeping her hand pressed upon her breast—“not to a descendant of the persecuting house of Ruthven—the enemies of God, and of the blessed Queen Mary—will I deliver this last memorial of her!—Stand back!” she said, with an authoritative dignity, that might have become an empress, and which made the master recede a few steps in surprise.

She cast a searching look along the bench to the right and left of the queen, where her majesty’s ladies sat, and relaxing somewhat the sternness of her aspect, she once more raised her voice.

“Is there no one in that gay and courtly throng of dames,” she said, “who, for the respect they bear to the memory of her, so lovely and unfortunate, will do mine errand to the king?”—And again the grey pennon streamed from her hand.

A dead silence reigned in the forms she addressed. None of the fair occupiers were ever before present at a scene of this nature, and they had bestowed upon it the most profound attention, accompanied by a thrilling interest in the unfortunate woman, whom they figured to themselves as standing on the very verge of eternity, and whose passage to it was to be effected by a death so fearful, that they shuddered but to think of it; and this feeling was naturally increased by the quick transition which had been made from mirth and amusement to a scene so impressive. But, although the courtly females were deeply interested in this novel tragedy, none of them viewed it with the distracted feeling of poor Agnes, who, from various circumstances, recognizing Euphan as the person who had given the asylum to her aunt, feared every instant that something would fall from her lips by which the abbess would be discovered; nor could she conceive how she had escaped being brought forward as a witness against Euphan, if found dwelling in her house. Several times, during her interrogation, was she upon the point of addressing the king in her behalf, but was as often withheld by the fear of its being unavailing, when she heard her braving his wrath in a manner which she expected every instant would bring down the whole weight of his resentment upon her. But no sooner did the unfortunate woman appeal immediately, as it were, to herself, than, rising from her seat, and drawing forward her long veil, she enveloped herself in it, and darting over the intermediate ground, she was, with the quickness of lightning, at the side of Euphan.

“Give me that precious relic,” she said, “and I will be its bearer to the king.”

“Most willingly,” replied Euphan; “for I am persuaded, young maiden, that she who, in the face of an assembled multitude, fears not to attend the summons of a reviled and persecuted woman, is worthy to be intrusted with it, more especially if she be, as I suspect, the Lady Agnes Somerdale.”

“I am she whom you mention,” said Agnes; and as she stooped to receive the lock of hair, she said hastily, and in a whisper, “Where is she to whom you gave an asylum?”

“Content you, lady—she is safe,” was the reply.

Lady Agnes instantly returned with the braid to the king. As she ascended the steps on the right of the king, the Earl of Gowrie met her at the foot of them, and taking her hand to lead her to his majesty, said, as they passed on, “Fear not for the

unfortunate woman; I have thought on a scheme to remove her from immediate danger."

"That is kind, indeed," said Agnes; "for, strange as it may appear, those nearly connected with me have been under obligations to her, which I would fain repay. May I venture to intercede for her with his majesty, do you think?"

"Certainly," returned the earl, who had no time to say more, for they were then before the king.

Agnes threw back her veil, and kneeling, presented the braid of hair. He took it, and placing it in the palm of his hand, which trembled violently, he regarded it for some moments with intense feeling, which appeared in the workings of every muscle in his face; and then searching in his pocket, produced that same purse which he had received from the Jesuit, and enclosing it within it, returned it to his pocket. It was then that he seemed first to perceive that the Lady Agnes was still kneeling at his feet.

"Pardon," he said, "fair lady, this neglect; that wretched wife's extraordinary girth hath somewhat disordered us."

"Before I rise, let me entreat your majesty to have mercy on that poor old wretch," said Agnes; "she is certainly insane; and her great zeal for the unfortunate queen, to whom that hair belonged, seems in part to have been the cause of transporting her beyond the bounds of reverence due to your majesty."

"Rise, young lady," said his majesty, extending his hand toward her; and continuing in a low voice, "confess that the faith she hauds hath somewhat prepossessed the Lady Agnes in her favour; but gif witchcraft is proved upon her, she maun suffer the penalty o' her crime. God forbid else!"

Agnes was about to reply, when the Earl of Gowrie interposed.

"If your majesty thinks proper to trust me with the keeping of this wretched woman, I will take order that she escapes not from the place of her confinement till your majesty's further pleasure is known."

"Be it sae, gif you, my lord, will tak this trouble; for naue will suspect," said the king, with a smile of irony, "my Lord o' Gowrie to favour a Papist. And to speak sooth, she has sae interwoven her discourse wi' mention o' honourable names, that gif she was indeed the nursing mother o' Sir Andrew Melville's spouse, we shanna be sorry to find her innocent o' the crime laid to her charge, and shall even forgie her unmannered insolence to oursel, putting it down, as this young lady sayeth, to the account o' a disordered brain."

The poor woman was then removed, and placed in safe custody in the Earl of Gowrie's house in the Canongate.

After these long and connected extracts which we have thought proper to give, as affording a more adequate specimen of the interest of the work, than brief fragments could possibly do, we

take our leave of this able production, and congratulate the author on the superior ability and talent which he has here displayed, trusting that he may be encouraged by the success of this, his first effort—if such indeed it be—to persevere in a career where success awaits him.

[In our former article on this novel, Oliver Patullo was erroneously printed Oliver Patults.]

A Translation of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French Quotations which occur in Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England; and also in the Notes of the Editions by Christian, Archbold, and Williams. By J. W. JONES, Esq. late of Gray's Inn. 8vo. pp. 250. London, 1823.

As all gentlemen bred to the profession of the law are, or are presumed to be learned, and all barristers, the moment they hold a brief, are, in common parlance, addressed as my 'learned brother' and the 'learned gentleman,' a work like the one before us might seem unnecessary to the profession, whatever it may be for others; but the fact is, that all lawyers are not learned, and that many of them have obtained a high rank in the profession, whose imperfect knowledge of the four languages enumerated in Mr. Jones's title-page, would not suffice for the translation of such portions of them as are to be met with in 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' particularly some of the old law Latin and Norman French. If, then, such a work as that of Mr. Jones may be useful, even to the highest branch of the profession, what must it be to solicitors and their clerks, justices of the peace, and country gentlemen? Nor are these the only individuals who read 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' which have almost become classical, and form an essential branch of education. An acquaintance with 'Blackstone's Commentaries' is nearly as essential to a knowledge of the history as the laws of this country; and they tend, as Mr. Jones, in his preface, observes, 'to corroborate facts, the truth of which the isolated details of early history leave unascertained, from some chasm in the chain of consequences ill supplied, or inconsistency in the character of the persons, or the circumstances connected with their production.'

Fidelity, in a work like that of Mr. Jones, is its best recommendation, and this it possesses, with as much spirit and elegance as we suppose could possibly be infused in translating a work on the dry study of the law; but the

idea is not original, whatever the execution may be, as there has already been published an excellent 'Law Glossary,' by Mr. Tayler, which includes a translation of the Latin and other quotations in 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' alphabetically arranged.

Mr. Jones's work is so printed, that it may be separately bound at the end of each volume to which the translator refers, an advantage to those who, having unbound copies of Blackstone, may wish to add Mr. Jones's useful supplement.

Time's Telescope for 1824. 8vo. pp. 330. London, 1823.

SUCH of our readers as recollect our former notice of 'Time's Telescope' need not to be told that it is one of those annual volumes which is welcome to us. The editor, for he modestly disclaims the title of author, has, in eleven successive volumes, given a pleasing variety to an almanack or calendar—a circumstance which, in itself, shows no ordinary portion of ingenuity. In the volume now before us, he has indulged more in antiquities and biography than usual—the latter principally contemporary, which is always an interesting, but a difficult subject. The introduction, which is usually an elementary treatise on some science, is this year devoted to a well-written essay on physical and historical geography, by Dr. Myers. The other parts of the work display the same pleasing variety as were exhibited in the former volumes—if we except the selection of poetry, which is chiefly taken from the poems of Barnard Barton, the quaker poet. We are sensible of the merits of Mr. Barton, and have often done justice to them, but we are sorry to see him possess so little of one of the characteristics of the respectable society to which he belongs—modesty. His overweening vanity has betrayed itself sadly of late, and he has quacked himself off wherever he could gain a footing. The principal portion of the poetry in the 'Time's Telescope' of this year, is either by Barnard Barton, or by some person in his praise: now, although the last twelve months has not been prolific in good poetry, yet it has produced much superior to that of Mr. Barnard Barton, and he ought not to have encroached on the good nature and amiable disposition of the editor of 'Time's Telescope,' to thrust in himself and his verses on every occasion. Mr. Barton is not contented with getting extracts from his

poems, some with and others without his name, but he has actually induced the editor to give a memoir of his life. It really is excessively ridiculous to think that the most remarkable event that has occurred on the 31st of January, in so many thousand years, should be the birth of Bernard Barton, whose biography occupies eight pages, while that of Dr. Hutton is dismissed in a dozen lines! The memoir is little more than a puff of Mr. Barton's books; all the rest may be dismissed in two words. He was born on the 31st of January, 1784, has written several poems, and is now a clerk in the Woodbridge Bank, and Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature; Mr. John Mitford has written a poem in his praise, and he has written another which graces the 'Time's Telescope' for 1824. But, notwithstanding the dead weight of Mr. Bernard Barton, the 'Time's Telescope' for 1824, is a delightful volume.

The Proud Shepherd's Tragedy. A Scenic Poem, in eighteen Scenes. Edited by JOSEPH DOWNES. To which are added, Fragments of a Correspondence and Poems. 8vo. pp. 307. Edinburgh, 1823.

'THERE is much power both of thought and feeling in this volume,' says Blackwood's Magazine. The Editor of 'Longuemanne's Cunnyng Advertiser,' after devoting six columns to extracts, and a notice of the poem, as it is called, honestly confesses that he does not understand it. We acknowledge ourselves in the same situation, and although there appears to be something in it 'if philosophy could find it out,' yet we feel ourselves incompetent to the task, and leave the 'Proud Shepherd's Tragedy' to be solved as a Christmas riddle, by those who will give nine shillings to render confusion more confounded.

Horæ Momenta Cravenæ, or the Craven Dialect, exemplified in Two Dialogues between Farmer Giles and his Neighbour Bridget. By a Native of Craven. 12mo. pp. 125. London, 1823.

WE could readily pardon the vanity of a countryman who wished to perpetuate his nearly unintelligible jargon in print, if he had not made his work the vehicle of an attack on a large, and we may add a respectable, body of Christians,—the Methodists. We hate cant as much as Lord Byron, but we must have a better objection to Methodism than that of the preachers changing the scene of their

labours. The clergy of the Church of England would move from curacy to vicarage, rectory, &c. every year, if there was an increase of salary in the change; and the Scots clergy, with their hypocrisy of calls, never attend a call unless it is to a better living. It is, however, not so with the Methodists, who have no hierarchy. The Craven dialect does not differ from that in the North Riding, and unless the author had given us some clue to the origin of his jargon he should not have obtruded it on the public, since every village and every villager in England could furnish a similar volume.

Original.

THE MISERY

OF RECEIVING TOO MANY PRESENTS IN ONE WEEK.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—It is not well to be always lamenting and complaining on one's own account, therefore I shall this time trouble you with the complaint of a particular friend of mine, whose name is Plod, and who is a very worthy man in the main, but not fond of being put to what he considers unnecessary expense. The complaint was rather a singular one, and the subject matter of it such as most London housekeepers would have esteemed fortunate rather than otherwise: it was neither more nor less than that of having had too many presents in one week.

I am in the habit of popping in at his house occasionally, without invitation, and taking pot-luck, which I did a little while back, upon my return from a short trip in the country, and was welcomed by old Plod with,—'Ah! my dear Crockery, we are very glad to see you—lots of cold victuals in the house—know you'll excuse it—always glad to see you, hot or cold;' and as he finished in came the tray. I made an excellent meal on the remains of two or three sorts of game, and as many, or more, sorts of tarts, together with jellies, custards, and blancmange, evidently the reliques of a feast. When the table was cleared, the servant retired, and Mrs. P—, too, had quitted the room, I could not help saying, 'Why, Plod, you have been living rarely of late seemingly.' 'Ah! Crockery, rarely indeed!!' sighed old Plod, with a most woeful note of admiration; 'but come, fill your glass of toddy, and I will tell you all about it.' I did so; and having drawn my chair close to the

fire, poor Plod began his lamentation as follows:—

'You are aware, Crockery, that, having but a small family, I generally lay in my stock of provisions for the week at one purchasing, and mostly go to Newgate—now don't laugh, I mean Newgate market—as the best place; well, last Saturday, this very day week, I laid in a good fair supply—a leg of mutton, a fillet of veal, and a piece of roasting beef;—one day hot, and one day cold, and hashed, that's my way you know, Crockery. Sunday we cooked the veal, and on Monday morning the first thing comes a porter with two brace of partridges, carriage 2s. portorage 1s.—by the bye, some of my friends in the country have a scurvy trick of not paying the carriage of their presents, and so it happened with the whole lot this week. He was scarcely gone before another fellow came banging at the door with a thumping hare—carriage 2s. portorage 1s. again. "Dear me," said Mrs. Plod, upon seeing this, "what is to become of all the meat?" What, indeed, thought I, the veal being the only thing cooked.

'Next day, Tuesday, came a lot of grouse—carriage, &c. 5s. for they came from among the mountains; and presently after arrived, from a friend who lives 50 miles off, and has a taste for horticulture and tame rabbits, an immense basket of beautiful vegetables certainly, and a brace of double smuts, I think my friend called them rabbits in his letter, but they were poor pickaninny things: this cost 6s. and was positively not worth the money—I could have done better by half in Covent Garden. So Tuesday passed over, and there was some veal left to mince on Wednesday. Mrs. Plod and I now began seriously to think what could be done with all this provision; we had no friends in town to whom we owed a present, and I have no notion of sending game to the poulterers, in the way of exchange. "We certainly must have a party!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. P—. A party! thought I, and down sunk my heart; while I seemed to feel divers pounds, shillings, and pence evanishing from my lower pockets. "We certainly must have a dinner party, my love," repeated Mrs. P. in a still more explanatory tone. Now, Crockery, whenever a lady says my love to her husband, the thing, be it what it may, is decided; and I saw plainly we must have a dinner. But we had not done with presents yet, for before we got down—or got up, which you please—on the Wednesday morning, a brace of pheas-

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sants arrived, costing 4s., likewise a goose, with two dozen apples for sauce, from my tenant the blacksmith, at B—, with a ticket for 2s. 6d. making a total for carriage and portage, in three days, of 1l. 3s. 6d.—pretty well for the beginning of a feast; and be it remembered, that all these presents will cost me, to return them at Christmas, a barrel of oysters to each at least.

‘However, it was now quite certain that we must make a muster of friends and acquaintances, to help us to eat all these good things, and Friday was fixed on as the day for devouring. To work Mrs. Plod and I went,—she to inspecting and preparing, and I to writing of pretty polite notes, on hot-pressed, wire-wove, gilt-edged, and all that sort of thing: lamenting the shortness of notice, &c. but hoping to have the pleasure to see, &c. &c. &c. It was soon discovered that plates, dishes, and glasses innumerable must be bought, to complete our sets of each. All this was done; a handsome dessert was provided; Mrs. Brown, our occasional cook, was sent for; and for two days, that is to say Wednesday and Thursday, we lived on gravy beef, and other odds and ends, in a most uncomfortable way.

‘At length the great, the eventful day arrived; and, will you believe it? after all the good things were at and on the fire—yea, even after the cloth was laid, note after note arrived, bearing excuses. Mr. and Mrs. Noakes could not come, Mr. and Mrs. Styles could not come, Mr. and Mrs. Doe, and Mr. and Mrs. Roe, were in the same predicament, and so it went on with the Whites, the Smiths, and the Jenkinses: in short, Crockery, I expected twenty people, and only six came; we had not even you to cheer us with your accustomed songs; and the whole thing was, to me at least, stale, flat, and *unprofitable*; and I will ask you, before Mrs. Plod comes in again, whether it is not a miserable thing for a man to have so many presents in one week? Ah! I knew you would say *yes*—I hope it will never be your case, my boy. I can assure you I was more rejoiced when the last “good night” had sounded at my door than I can express. It was but yesterday this *entertainment* took place, and for about a fortnight I expect we shall have to live upon the cold meat and fragments that are left; for our small party performed a miracle in the fragment way. Come every day, Crockery, if you can, and help us off with it.’

My friend ended just as Mrs. Plod re-

turned to her seat; and upon retiring to my *sanctum sanctorum* I thought I could not do better than send you off an account of what I had heard. I am, &c.

J. M. L.

CROCKERY, JUN.

ON THE PROBABILITY OF A PASSAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.

By M. Malte Brun.

(Concluded from p. 730.)

It is evident, by the simple inspection of a map of the world or a polar map, that the currents of the sea probably exist in the direction of Behring's Straights and the point of New Zembla; because it is the direction of the general motion of the ocean, and the shortest line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific seas. It is, therefore, from a port of New Zembla that a maritime expedition would have the greatest chance of success; but it would be necessary to dispatch a number of small craft in advance to ascertain the situation of the ice.

Perhaps this expedition ought to attempt to pass wide of Siberia; for the numerous sinuosities and points of the Siberian coast, as well as the shallowness of the water, render the ice more stationary in that direction.

France would perhaps have been able to rival England and Russia in expeditions of this nature, and in the chance which is reserved for them in making the tour of the continent by the north, if a more enlightened policy had encouraged the whale fishery, which is the best nursery of seamen. Holland has given us a brilliant example; but we still remain effeminately seated under the shade of our vines, whilst, however, in pompous speeches, we express ourselves indignant at seeing British activity rule the ocean.

Convinced like us, of the little chance of succeeding in an attempt to navigate the frozen seas, Mr. Scoresby, although one of the most able and intrepid seamen, would prefer an expedition to the Pole in sledges drawn over the ice. This project will excite a smile in those who in elegant sledges, with fine music, have crossed over the motionless crystal of the Sound; but an excursion of this kind would require much time, and when arrived at the end, the traveller would not find, as on the hospitable banks of the Sound, a heated ball-room perfumed with the grateful odours of punch. In this expedition the traveller must carry with him his provisions, for the only animal he would meet with would be the white bear; and he must also take food for his reindeer. The danger of being swallowed up, by some chasm, might be diminished by the precautions recommended by Mr. Scoresby; but who will guarantee to us that the surface of the sea, formed by enormous masses of ice frequently accumulated in a tempest, does not present as much difficulty as one of our chains of mountains? Here would be an end of all progress, and Mr. Scoresby would be happy to turn back and find his faithful vessel! This project, however, deserves to be

mentioned: for, connected with a land expedition from Baffin's Bay, or an expedition in ice-boats, a journey in sledges to a certain distance would not be impossible.

We cannot quit the regions of the Arctic Pole without noticing *ancient Eastern Greenland*, that once fertile country, now said to be surrounded by an inaccessible barrier of ice, with a people separated for these 500 years from the rest of the world, and retaining, perhaps, their ancient customs and language. What an astonishing discovery may be made! what a singular interview would that be between a modern Scandinavian and the remnant of his savage ancestors! But, alas! these brilliant illusions do not dazzle us; the most recent accounts from Greenland inform us that the eastern coast, where they pretend to look for this lost colony, is now inhabited by Esquimaux resembling the other Greenlanders; that the dwellings of these Esquimaux reach ‘to the spot where the sun remains four weeks upon the horizon,’ that is to say to the polar circle; these natives sometimes reach *Julianeshaab*, the most southern Danish factory of the western coast, and that they know of no race of men from Norway among them. It is true that, by dint of questioning, one of these Esquimaux was made to speak of ‘a race of giants, who subsisted only on human flesh,’ and who had a particular taste for that of the Esquimaux. Thus some persons have imagined that these giants were a remnant of the ancient Scandinavian colony; but although their stature might very well appear gigantic to an Esquimaux, all the other circumstances are evidently a mere fable. If the Scandinavian colonists live on human flesh, how happens it that Esquimaux exist in their neighbourhood? If these colonists were numerous enough to cause alarm to the natives, why have they not been sufficiently bold to reach the Danish factories, as well as the Esquimaux? The *giants* are probably an imaginary phantom of the Greenlanders, by which these good people hope to prevent the Danish factors from extending over them a dominion which has not always been benevolent.

We may distinguish from among the vague accounts of the Esquimaux, those which speak of ruined habitations far to the north. If we retain, as we ought, the opinion that the eastern as well as the western colony of the Scandinavians was situated *west* of Cape Farewell, these distant ruins would represent the *monastery of St. Thomas*, noted in the famous *Carta di Navegar* of Zeni. This establishment, distinct from the colonies, must have been situated nearly about the 68th degree of latitude, as well as we can conjecture from such a vague map; the volcanoes and hot springs which were near would only be a continuation of the same phenomena in Iceland; indeed we learn, from a respectable navigator, that the sea, to the north-west of that island, was seen covered with pumice stones evidently coming from Greenland.

This conjecture will still hold good even if we adopt the hypothesis of an able Danish seaman, M. de Wormskjold, respecting the

situation of the east colony,* according to a specious interpretation of the ancient Icelanders, he placed old East Greenland over a profound gulph, situated between the 62d and 64th parallels, and whose northern coast must run east and west. The most curious arguments adduced by M. de Wormskiold, in favour of his hypothesis, is undoubtedly that which he extracts from an account of a voyage made by *David Danell* or *De Nelle*, a Dane, who, in 1652, sailed opposite Iceland, along a coast running east and south, and west and north, from the 65th parallel, and which he considered as being Old Greenland. If we admit the authenticity of this voyage, known only by extract,† we must find, by new discoveries, that there are numerous and extensive ruins on this coast, before we return to the opinion of those who, according to Torfæus place the eastern colony to the east of Cape Farewell.

At any rate it is proper to remind geographers that the whole of the eastern coast, from Cape Farewell to Charn Point, is much less known than that which is at the north of Charn Point. Richard Pope, in 1586, followed the coast from the 66th parallel; and Hudson, in 1610, from the 65th to the south point; but we have scarcely any detail left of their accounts.‡ In our days, Mr. Giesecke and some Danish factors have proceeded beyond the 61st parallel, and the whole coast presented a sad barren appearance. Higher up, after a chasm of three degrees, (in which Mr. Wormskiold would place the Gulph of Old Greenland) is that part of the coast seen in 1788 by Lieutenant Egede, who there discovered the entrance of a bay; but as he was about to examine it, the floating fields of ice were put in motion and he had only just time to save himself from certain destruction. The coast ran N. N. E. and S. S. W. from the 64th degree, 55 min. to the 66th degree, 26 min. of latitude, and from the 36th degree 51 min. to the 38th degree, 34 min. longitude west of Paris. At 67 degrees there are said to be promontories seen at a distance by the Iceland fishermen, but they are most probably mountains of ice. The captain of a whaler, named *Volquart Boon*, discovered at 70 degrees, 40 min., in 1761, a large opening fifteen German miles wide, whose extremity could not be discovered though the day was very clear, it was in the direction of south to north west. These are all the points known respecting Greenland. The rest are imaginary.

The first attempt should be to continue the reconnoitring of the coast, by land, from the 61st degree to the points determined by Lieutenant Egede. This examination would put an end to the disputes respecting Old East Greenland, for it certainly does not exist in a more northern latitude.

Another interesting attempt would be to

* *Memoires de la Societ   Lit  raire Scandinave*, 1814, pp. 293.

† Extract of 'Mr. Lund's Report on Danell's navigation, by M. *Erischen*,' Copenhagen, 1787.

‡ For Pope, see *Hakluyt's Navigations*, vol. 2, part 2, p. 99, 109, and for Hudson *Purchas; his Pilgrinis*, part 3, p. 596, 597.

find Boon's opening. This navigator observed a strong swell and a rapid current running constantly *inward*. This circumstance is the more remarkable, inasmuch as opposite, on the western coast, the great opening of *Jacob's Haven*, the end of which could not be traced on account of the ice, has also a very strong current flowing outwards. Does there exist a streight here which would constitute Greenland a large island? This circumstance would explain how a whale struck in the seas of Spitsberg, by a spear marked with the name of a vessel, could arrive on the western coast of Greenland, without making the tour of Cape Farewell, taking it for granted that the fact is proved.

It is certainly on Denmark, as the owner of Iceland and Greenland, that honour and interest impose the duty of making these discoveries or rather reconnoitings. But when the English reproach the Danes for not having done this already, may not the latter say: are you ignorant of the obstacles opposed by nature? Do you forget that you were yourselves two hundred years before you could again ascertain the existence of Baffin's Bay? Do you not know that the whole chain of mountains, which crosses Greenland from north to south, is covered with an immense mass of continued ice, in which there has hitherto been discovered no interruption which would permit us to attempt the passage? In short, if the Danes are unable now to renew their attempts of 1788 (which, however, we are far from thinking), who was it that, during a time of peace with Denmark, burnt their towns, and carried away their vessels? But let us banish these sad recollections; and may the brotherly feelings, which ought to unite two nations proceeding from the same blood, induce the Danes and the English to undertake together some enterprise, which would complete the geography of the Polar regions! If the people of the north, in the tenth century, had not wasted their energy in intestine wars, America, with all its treasures, would have belonged to them; they had landed there and might have conquered it; and no colony would have appropriated to itself the fruits of their discovery.

'There are, certainly, no treasures to stimulate a discovery of the Polar regions; the love of science alone can attract the attention of Europeans in this quarter, and their only conquest would be the glory of placing under the Arctic Pole the Herculean columns of human nature. We dare not imagine a similar success towards the opposite Pole; for, if, in the southern hemisphere, the freezing zone commences at sixty, and even fifty-five degrees, is it not to be presumed that, towards the seventy-fifth, every thing is a mass of perpetual ice? Ten years ago, we had conceived a more favourable hypothesis; we supposed that the floating ice, encountered by Cook, Bouvet, and Kerguelen, from fifty to seventy degrees, was a moving enclosure, carried towards the low latitudes, by that current, which is said to run constantly from the Poles to the Equator, and we imagined that, behind this

enclosure, there was an open sea, which, though dangerous, might be navigated. The navigator, who, presuming on its existence, might pass through this enclosure, would discover, perhaps, several chains of islands, in the direction of the south points of the large known lands. We will not now insist on this hypothesis; for an attentive examination of nautical accounts has convinced us of the uncertainty of any *universal and constant* Polar current. We may explain the phenomenon in question by the supposition of a vast continent of ice, whose fragile banks, broken into a thousand fragments by the winds and currents, float to a great distance, when the existence of a purely temporary Polar current gives them a direction towards the Tropic. The peninsulas and promontories of a continent of ice must also, by a series of warm seasons, melt and fall into the ocean. Hence those variations, which stop a navigator one year and assist his progress in the next. Here, then, the efforts of man will ever be fruitless; the hold bark of science, steered by genius, will stop before the hideous ramparts of eternal winter; perhaps, too, the cold in this zone is so violent, as suddenly to destroy life. No, let us form no chimerical hope of discovering the South Pole; it is the empire of death; life can never reach it; mortal eye will never behold its dreadful secrets.

Thus, then, even this globe conceals inaccessible mysteries! The celestial spirit by which we are animated, will not enable us to obtain a perfect knowledge of the planet, which serves us for a prison! Our eyes reach, in the immensity of the sky, the least star, and yet they cannot discover one of the Poles of the earth.

We would willingly dwell on this moral reflection: but the spirit of science forbids it. What unknown causes, what un contemplated circumstances may modify the state of the antarctic frozen zone! Far, then, from us, the temerity of an opinion which would paralyze the courage of navigators. Here, as in every thing else, let us adopt that grand principle of scientific improvement, 'Doubt every thing, but despair of nothing.'

COSTUME OF KING JOHN.

[The following notice of the costume of King John is extracted from Dr. Meyrick's valuable work—the 'Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour.'—ED.]

THE seal of this monarch affords the first example of an English king wearing a surcoat; and it is put over a hauberk of rings, set edgewise. Previous to this, the Italian knights had worn a garment over their armour, which was called *armilausea*, *armilausea*, *armilcasia*, and *armigaisia*, and which reached to just below the knee.

Surcoats seem to have originated with the crusaders, for the purpose of distinguishing the many different nations serving under the cross, and to throw a veil over the iron armour, so apt to heat excessively when exposed to the direct rays of the sun: they were at first without any mark of distinction,

and either simply of one colour or variegated.

Besides the surcoat, the hauketon was a military garment, in great esteem, during this reign: thus, in a wardrobe account, dated 1212, we find a pound of cotton was expended in stuffing an aketon belonging to King John, which cost twelve pence, and the quilting of the same was charged as twelve pence more.

John is represented with a cylindrical helmet, but without any covering over his face. The monument in the Temple Church attributed to Geoffrey Magnaville, and which appears to be about this period, has one very similar, except that in it the wasal is revived, and there are cheek pieces, such as seem to be spoken of by Guillaume le Breton as worn by the Comte de Boulogne.

The pommel of John's sword, on his monument, is of the lozenge shape; and each spur on his foot is fastened by a single leather, which passes through an aperture at the end of each shank, and buckles on the top of the instep.

ON SURNAMES.

In a recent number of the 'New Monthly Magazine' there was a playful article on surnames, which, although it did not strike us as particularly ingenious, was much quoted, not only in the English journals, but also in the American papers. One of the latter, the 'National Gazette,' has supplied a second article on the same subject, which we subjoin:—

'Extract from the Port Folio of a Canton Supercargo.'

'We lately have heard from a magazine hack,
That surnames all go by contraries,
But the Campbell, without any hunch on his back,

Should know that his postulate varies:
Though Moore may be Little, yet Scott is a Scot,

And Hunt has been worthily hunted;
Mr. Crabbe in his crabbedness crawls through his plot,
And Lambe is not promptly affronted.

'Poor Coleridge has found that Parnassus at last,

For him is at best but a cold ridge?
And Goldsmith had plenty of money amass'd,
To pass through Apollo's old toll-bridge.
If Wordsworth's vagaries are worthy no words,
And Pope was a protestant poet,
Yet Bloomfield his flowers of fancy affords,
And certainly Swift was no slow wit.

'If the Baillie's a woman, and Shee is a man,
And a Hogge sings of brownies and witches;
Yet Milman can sift all the wheat from the bran,

And Phillips can fill up his speeches.
Although Dr. Young were as old as Tom Parr,
Armstrong a poetical baby;
Yet Barbauld possesses a fine head of hair,
And Busby's as busy as may-be.

'Though Massinger never sung mass in his life,
And Ford be located on dry land;
Yet Scattergood's sermons would end the world's strife,
And Britton resides on an island:

Mr. Gray has grown old on the records of fame,
Mr. Mason his glory erected;

And Burns in his genius, glows with a flame,
Which the torch of Old Time has reflected.

'And yet it is strange, I must freely confess,
That Salt should put Afric in pickle,
That Adam should send modern works to the press,

And men should make much out of Mickle.
Here is one Mr. White, who is black as my hat,

Mr. Black, who's as white as white paper,
And there is old Seabright as blind as a bat,
And Stillman does nothing but caper.

'Mr. Paine is a happy and pleasant young dog;

Mr. Stone is a soft-headed fellow;
Mr. Christian kneels down in a Jew's synagogue;

Mrs. Waters is apt to get mellow:
Mr. Middleton lives in the midst of a wood;
Mr. Hall is confined in his garret;
Mr. Peace is delighted with battle and blood;
Miss Silence can talk like a parrot.

'Mr. Penn has been never instructed to write;
Mr. Read is deficient in reading:

Miss Grace is a shrew; Mr. Wright never right;

Mr. Law has no talents for pleading;
The three Miss Devotions are fond of romance,
'Twas frolicking Steady that taught 'em;
And fat Mr. Skinner is teaching to dance,
The immoveable Miss Shufflebottom.

'Miss Docomb is going, as fast as she can,
With Miss Trott, in a rapid consumption;
Mr. Manly is but an indifferent man,
Miss Proud has no kind of presumption.

Mr. Harrison's father we know is named Tom,
Mr. Thompson we know is named Harry;
Miss Stille adores the rough sound of the drum,
Miss Manlove declares she won't marry.

'Mr. Rorer, good man, is a peaceable friend;
Mrs. Spencer, they say, wears the breeches;
Mr. Long is so short that he's soon at an end,
Mr. Short very long in his speeches:

Mr. Miller was never inside of a mill;
Mr. Cooley is prone to vagaries;
Thus surnames I've shown, let them say what they will,
Both do and don't go by contraries.

Biography.

DR. EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

THE late Dr. Edmund Cartwright, who died a few weeks ago, at the advanced age of eighty years, was the younger brother of, Major Cartwright, of political celebrity, and was descended of a family of considerable antiquity in the county of Nottingham. He was born at Manham, in that county, in April, 1743, and received the first rudiments of his education at Wakefield, in Yorkshire; here he remained from the age of ten to fifteen years, and during this time, gave the first specimens of those dawning poetical talents for which he was afterwards distinguished. The subject, which was given to the boys, was an anniversary copy of verses on Queen Elizabeth, who founded

the school; young Cartwright's verses were so superior to those of his school-fellows that the master would not believe they were his composition.

Mr. Cartwright was afterwards placed under the care of Dr. Langhorne, and, in 1760, was entered a Commoner of the University College, Oxford; in 1764, he attained the rank of Fellow of Magdalen College. He took the degree of Master of Arts, entered the church, and retired into the country, where he resided for some years on a small family living.

In 1771, Mr. Cartwright published his elegant and much-admired poem, 'Armine and Elvira,' which was so popular, that it ran through seven or eight editions, in a period of less than two years. In December, 1772, he married Alice, daughter of Richard Whitaker, Esq. of Doncaster, and soon afterwards removed to Brampton, in Derbyshire, where he made a most important discovery in medicine, the application of yeast in putrid fevers, which has since been used with great success; the discovery was partly accidental, though it is only men of genius that turn such accidents to advantage, which Mr. Cartwright did, by curing his parishioners, most of whom were ill at the time.

In 1779, Mr. Cartwright published a second volume of poems, and, losing his wife, in 1785, he went to reside at Doncaster, where his mechanical talents now began to develop themselves in the invention of a loom, which was worked by machinery. A large manufacturer at Manchester contracted with him for five hundred of these looms, which were destroyed by a mob within a month after they had been erected. This was a sad disappointment to Mr. Cartwright, who might fairly have calculated on realizing a fortune from the invention. Weaving by machinery has, however, since triumphed over the opposition made to it, and for this valuable discovery, we are indebted to Dr. Cartwright.

His next important invention was a machine for combing wool, which caused such an alarm that, in 1793, the whole body of woolcombers, from all parts of the country, petitioned Parliament to suppress it. The petition was thrown out, but his rights were invaded; nor was it until by an action, in the Court of Common Pleas, in 1803, that a verdict of 1000*l.* was awarded to Dr. Cartwright, and his claim to the invention and patent established, after a trial which lasted twenty-six hours.

When the improvements of Watt had

brought the steam-engine to that degree of perfection beyond which it was thought impossible to go, Dr. Cartwright found that it still had defects which might be remedied. These defects were an imperfect vacuum, much friction, and a complicated construction which rendered the engine liable to get out of order. Dr. Cartwright's first object was to obtain, as near as possible, an absolute vacuum; the condensation, therefore, was performed by an application of cold to the external surface of the vessel containing the steam; this idea was not new, for the method had been frequently tried, but with so little success that one of our first engineers gave it as his opinion that were a pipe to be laid across the Thames the condensation would not be quick enough to work a steam engine with its full effect; but Dr. Cartwright was not to be deterred by trivial obstacles, and in managing this difficult point he admitted the steam between two metal cylinders, lying one within the other, and having cold water flowing through the inner one, and enclosing the outer one, thus effected his object. In the steam-engine Dr. Cartwright introduced a metallic spring piston, which has since been universally adopted. The doctor also made great improvements in the threshing machine; and agriculture has been much indebted to him, not only for this and other mechanical improvements of husbandry which he has invented, but for several scientific improvements in the cultivation of the soil. It was the doctor who, by a series of experiments, ascertained the good effects of salt on corn infected with mildew. The salt is used in a solution of water, and now that the duty is repealed it may be used at a very trifling expense. Six or eight bushels will be sufficient for an acre, and the expense is more than repaid by the improvement in the manure of the salted straw. The operation of the remedy is very quick, for in less than forty-eight hours even the vestiges of the disease are hardly discernible.

It would exceed our limits to give even a list of all the mechanical inventions which Dr. Cartwright has discovered, it is enough to know that they were considerable, and that parliament so highly appreciated the services he had thus rendered to the country, that they voted him a grant of £10,000.

One of the latest of the doctor's mechanical experiments was a vehicle which was intended as a substitute for horses, of which an account will be found in the first volume of *The Literary*

Chronicle, p. 139. So confident was the doctor of its useful application, that he declared his conviction that, in a few years, carriages of every description would travel the road without the aid of horses. We, ourselves, have seen the venerable mechanic and divine steering his carriage through the streets, to the great astonishment of the Londoners.

The doctor, up to the latest period of his life, was busily occupied in the invention of a new power, by means of gunpowder, but of the particulars of which we are not informed, further than that, in almost his last moments, he expressed his conviction of the certainty of its success—thus exhibiting

'The ruling passion strong in death.'

Dr. Cartwright was a gentleman of the most polished and amiable manners, possessing a great deal of humour, and much conversational talent. In 1790 he married a second time, and the lady, who was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Keaney, of Ireland, still survives him.

Original Poetry.

ON THE HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN, BURIED ABOUT A CENTURY AGO.

[In the Writer's possession.]

Oh! ye who hither cast the curious eye,
Say—can ye aught of beauty here descry?
Be ye, or rich, or poor, or young, or old,
The common lot of mortals here behold!
Such as she is, whose withered frontlet wears
The charnel horrors of a hundred years,
That ye shall be;—howe'er good, wise, or
brave,
Ye all shall moulder in the silent grave.
Reader! perchance thou'rt some fair youth;
draw near,—
Mark how the hand of death has sported here;—
Or fairer maiden, blooming in thy prime,
Stop, and behold the ravages of time;—
Or wretch, foredoom'd to slavery, hither flee,
Behold what soon thy tyrant lord shall be!
Though the proud warrior seeks the world to
tame,
And prostrate nations tremble at his name—
Though round his blade the circling laurels
grow,
And triumph's chaplets deck his haughty brow,
E'er those green honours wither from his head
The victor's number'd with the silent dead.
This shrivell'd relic, loathed and hated now,
Reader, was once perchance as fair as thou,—
Here in these sockets beaming lustre shone,
Alas! that lustre now for ever gone;
Behold these cheeks—once roses flourished
there,
And zephyrs sported midst her golden hair:
Perhaps o'er this some parent loved to trace
The opening beauties of a daughter's face;—
Perhaps some lover has enraptur'd hung
O'er syren numbers floating from her tongue.
Alas! how changed:—the tomb has claimed
it's prey,
And Death has chased each rising charm away

That very face, which every breast could warm
Whilst life and health retained their potent
charm,

When the bright soul has wing'd her airy flight,
Disgusts and palls upon the wearied sight.

S. V. B.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The new tragedy of *Caius Gracchus* still continues attractive, and is certainly much improved in the acting. Mr. Macready makes more of the principal character than we expected he could possibly do, and the Cornelia of Mrs. Bunn, as well as the Licinia of Mrs. W. West, are considerably improved. The *Cataract of the Ganges* will evidently run till Christmas, when it will be succeeded by a pantomime, so that there is no prospect of seeing a new farce, or a new afterpiece, save a pantomime, for some months.

Braham and Miss Stephens return to their engagements next week. Braham makes his first appearance in Henry Bertram, and he will shortly play Prince Orlando in the *Cabinet*, when Sinclair must look to his laurels.

COVENT GARDEN.—The 'note of preparation' had for some time been sounded in the newspapers, informing the public that the armourers were busily at work, it being the intention of the managers to get up Shakspeare's *King John*, with the strictest attention to costume. The play-bills go even so far as to quote the authorities of the dresses of the principal characters, from tombs, effigies, and seals, and bring forward a host of antiquarian names, rather startling to dramatic critics. We have not heard whether the Antiquarian Society assisted at this performance—either in the English or the French meaning of the word.—Neither have we had leisure to compare the costume, as represented, with the authorities themselves; but confess, that it struck us as very correct in general, and, in some respects, as magnificent, although we must, at the same time, say, that we think an antiquary, as well as ourselves, would not have been less pleased with it, had it looked a little more venerable. It was considerably too dazzling, too glaring, too *tinselly* to be altogether to our taste; for we could not help thinking that the effect would have been greatly improved had there been less glitter, and that there would have been more grandeur had there been less finery. We were rather too much reminded of masquerade groupes—too

trim and too brilliant; or of a picture where the colouring looks gaudy, for want of due shadows and repose, and crude for not being sufficiently mellowed.—The costume of John himself was the most becoming, as well as splendid, of any, and Mr. Young sustained the 'borrowed majesty of England' with a dignity well according with the regal magnificence of his attire. He looked the monarch well; nor was he less effective in many of the scenes, particularly that where he signifies to Hubert his desire of Arthur's death. Some of the passages here were delivered in a tone—

'That thrilled through vein and nerve and bone.'

Of Mrs. Bartley's Constance we cannot speak in similar terms of commendation:—her action was more violent than dignified, her style of declamation rather ranting and boisterous than energetic or impassioned. There was hardly a single touch of feeling or pathos throughout the whole part—none of those electric strokes of bursting tenderness that melts an audience—none of those scientific graces which an accomplished performer would have imparted to the character; and it is one of those in which mediocrity is insufferable. We have occasionally seen Mrs. Vining perform with spirit in suitable parts; but how happens it that she was called upon to fill that of the Dowager Queen? We should hope that the lady herself has too much taste and good sense to be ambitious of appearing in a character so ill adapted to her. Master Holl made his *debut* in Arthur, and played with a spirit and propriety which are rarely witnessed in so youthful a performer, or even in more matured actors: indeed, there are not a few of the latter who might take a lesson from this young gentleman: whether they will improve by him, or he be spoiled by catching their empty, monotonous, unfeeling, and unnatural rant, remains to be tried.—Even Mr. Kemble occasionally deafened us on Monday night, by straining his voice to a most extravagant pitch, which proves how difficult it is, even for the most judicious actors, to avoid a fault so vulgar and so offensive, that we wonder how a person of the least taste can be guilty of it. It is, indeed, the besetting vice of all bad performers: when they do not rave—and they will sometimes mouth it most furiously—they are insufferably tame and frigid. In them all that is not fire is ice—all that is not black is white: there are no shades, no tints, no blending hues, no

rich variety of tones in their performance.—But to return to the costume and scenic effect of the tragedy:—The form of the helmets worn by Faulconbridge and Hubert is rather grotesquely rude and uncouth—neither had the silken surcoats which they wore over their mail, the most pleasing effect. As to the female dresses, we rather suspect that certain licenses have been admitted here: they were, besides, rather too much *en grande toilette*. We are aware that some allowance is to be made for stage effect, yet we think that propriety and verisimilitude are strangely violated when queens are made to appear in a camp, attired exactly as they were within the halls of royalty. Perhaps this may be deemed hypercriticism; still we cannot but think that, as managers are on many occasions unnecessarily prodigal of their wardrobe, it ill-becomes them to be more sparing on occasions which require the dresses of the actors to be varied at different parts of the performance. We must remark, too, that the soldiers seemed to be stinted out very unusually; there being not more than some half-dozen archers on the stage together, at any time, during the course of the play. Upon the whole, however, we think that the managers are highly to be commended for this attempt to introduce, upon the stage, a critical attention to the costume of remote periods. Still, after all, it must be remembered that this is but an accessory to the drama, and we should be sorry to see it carried to such an excess as to degenerate into mere spectacle. Even now, notwithstanding the perfection to which scenic effect is carried, there is yet room for considerable improvement in many respects. Those who conduct this part of the drama, seem to pay more attention to mere show than to pictorial effect; for art indeed, in the best sense of the term, they appear to have little feeling. They are but poor economists with their resources, for they by no means avail themselves of them to the extent which they ought. A gaudy procession to please the galleries, with plenty of tinsel, velvet, and silk, seem to be the *ne plus ultra* of their ability; and this is quite in the style of Chinese painting, mere light without shadow or repose; so that, for want of contrast and skilful arrangement, what should be pompous and splendid becomes monotonous and dull. We would inquire too, why, when such an extreme solicitude is manifested as to some petty trifles in scenic display, such ut-

ter bungling is tolerated as is observable in the clumsy manner in which clouds and sky are made to cut off the tops of buildings, trees, or other objects, whenever the frontispiece is raised to the extreme height of the stage? Or why is it raised at all if it be but to shew that the scenes are too short? In landscape scenery, or whenever it is advisable to employ the whole height of the stage, the wings should certainly be sufficiently lofty to reach to a level with the bottom of the curtain or cornice forming the upper line of the theatric picture.

Literature and Science.

It is said to be at last determined that Captain Parry shall undertake another voyage towards the North Pole, in his old ship, the *Hecla*,—and that he will proceed, as in his first voyage, to Lancaster Sound, and explore every inlet, if the state of the ocean will permit, in order to discover the much-wished-for passage, or complete the survey of the Arctic Seas.

Accounts from St. Petersburg state, that Lieutenant Holman, the blind traveller, had arrived in that city, where he excited great curiosity.

Mr. J. P. Neale is preparing a series of drawings, illustrative of Fonthill Abbey, for the first number of the second series of his 'Views of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's Seats,' which will appear on the 1st of February, 1824; at which time he will also commence his work on churches, illustrative of the various styles and periods of the ecclesiastical architecture of Great Britain.

The Americans are actively striving to cultivate the vine in Pennsylvania, and if the account, published in the United States' papers, may be relied on, have been successful.

New Hydraulic Machine.—A prospectus has been circulated in Paris, of a new machine, which, if we may believe its inventors, will entirely overturn the present system of hydraulics. They engage to supply a small steam engine, which will raise water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will, it is said, consume but a pennyworth of coals in an hour, in which time it will raise 900 quarts to the specified height. It is to cost 600 francs, and to last more than a hundred years. The proprietors likewise offer, at a progressive advance, machines which will raise double, treble, and decuple heights, (i. e. 120, 180, or 600 feet,) and thus in infinite progression. The proprietors are Messrs. Croissons, brothers, both of them pupils in the Polytechnic School, and one of them is a commandant of artillery, whose talents are said, in the Parisian circles, to inspire the greatest confidence. They keep their discovery a secret, and will not divulge it till they have raised subscriptions for 20,000 inches of water, according to their mode of calculation.

The Bee.

The Rambler.—When Dr. Johnson's 'Rambler' was first published, the sale was very inconsiderable, and seldom exceeded five hundred. It is remarkable, and a curious trait of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which Dr. Johnson did not write: this was No. 97, which was said to have been written by Richardson.

Sound Maxims.—'If ordinary beggars are whipped, the daily beggars in fine clothes, out of a proportionable respect for their quality, ought to be hanged!'—Marquis of Halifax. There are two other maxims of this nobleman, which are quite to the purpose:—'Arbitrary power is like most other things that are very hard—they are also very apt to break!'—'A people may let a king fall, yet still remain a people; but if a king let his people slip from him, he is no longer a king!'

Letter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.—This lady was born in Scotland, August 19, 1596, and was married February 14th, 1612-13, to Frederick V., Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria, Silesia, &c., elector, cup-bearer, and high-steward of the empire, and titular king of Bohemia.

After the death of her husband, in 1632, she went to reside at the Hague, where she continued until after the restoration of her nephew, King Charles II. She arrived in London, May 17th, 1661; and died at Leicester House, February 13, 1661-2. The following jocular letter was written by this lady to James Hay, earl of Carlisle:—

'My Lord,—This great fat knave* hath so carried himself here, as I cannot but complain of him; you gave him a true name in calling him a villain; I pray let him know that I do tell you so. The king had done better to have sent a smaller timber'd man over; for this great fellow shows so big, that he fills up half the Hague, and goeth for the bodie of the volunteers in the armie; he can tell you all the news, both of that place and this, and without jest he is still the'ould man, though he can better travel than he did in your dear friend's time, who sent him with a packet. I find no change in him, but still true and honest; he hath paid you for your villanies, he tells me how much you are mine enemy, which, to be revenged of, I will loose no means whereby I may show your oglic camil's face, that I ame

'Your most constant friend,

'ELIZABETH.

'The Hague, this 11-12 of May.

Richard Cœur de Lion.—This king obtained the title of the British Lion before he began his reign.—He was valiant beyond the measure of human daring; inferior to no man in hardihood, strength, and agility; unparalleled in his feats of prowess; and his actions were so romantic, that Gibbon, when recounting them, exclaims—'Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?' The king, on his way to the Holy Land,

* Sir Robert Anstruther, ambassador at the Hague.

having strolled along at Milete, attended by one knight only, was attacked by some rustics, who assailed him with clubs, staves, and knives. He disdained, with true chivalrous feeling, to bathe his sword in ignoble blood, and therefore only struck at them with the flat of it; the sword, however, broke, and then he took up stones to defend himself.

Wapentakes.—Among the Anglo-Saxons, all persons capable of bearing arms were led into the field by the head of the family to which they belonged. Every ten families made a tithing, and every ten tithings a band, the soldiers of which were led by their chief magistrate. This officer was elected by the hundred, at their public court, where they met, armed; and every member, as a token of his obedience to him, touched his weapon when chosen: whence the hundred courts, held for this especial purpose, were called wapentakes—a name still retained in Yorkshire.

Works published since our last notice.—Travels in Chili, by Peter Schmidtmeier, with plates, 4to. 2l. 2s. Recollections of the Peninsula, 2nd edition, 8vo. 8s. Essay on Rocks, by M. de Humboldt, 8vo. 14s. Herwald de Wake, or the Two Apostles, a Romance, three vols. 12mo. 18s. Jones's Fall of Constantinople, and other Poems, 8vo. 8s. 6d. Corfe Castle, or Keniswitha, a Tale, 8vo. 12s. Fairburn's Treatise on Sheep, 8vo. 5s. New Calliope, being a selection of English Melodies, No. 1, 7s. Don Juan, Canto's, 12, 13, 14, 8vo. 9s. 6d.; 18mo. 1s. Seneca Tragedies, Regent's edition. Woman's a Riddle, four vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s. Koningsmarke, the Long Finne, three vols. 12mo. 18s. Fosbrooke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities, part 12, 5s.

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